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The Black and Gold

WINSTON-SALEM CITY
HIGH SCHOOL



DECEMBER, 1917

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The Christmas Spirit

The gladsome Christmas spirit
Is spread abroad today,
And reaches people, bit by bit,
In the good old-fashioned way.

This is no time for sadness,
Just don your cloak of cheer,
And remember now is gladness,
For Christmas-time is here.

We feel it in the cold, clear air,
We hear it from the carols sweet,
We see it almost everywhere,
On every hand glad tokens meet.

—*Abigail Roan, '18*

The Black and Gold

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No. 2

Christmas at Old Oaks

By Mary Holland, '18

ST. DENNIS SCHOOL,
Yorkton, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1916.

Dear Dan Allen,

Here's news for you, the most startling since we were sent to these schools. I'll try to break it gently though, so as not to injure your delicate(?) health. I enclose here an epistle from the Great Uncle. No lesser name than "epistle" can describe it, for it contains dynamite.



OLD OAKS MANOR,
Old Oaks Station, N. Y.,
December 14.

Miss Anna Rachael Allen,

My dear Niece:

As you probably know, your mother, my niece, appointed me your guardian. Your mother was both my ward and my heir, and when she married against my wishes, I cut her off without a cent.

Your Great-Aunt Anna, who was very fond of your mother, did not know of your mother's marriage or of your existence until recently. For reasons of my own, I told her nothing of the true state of affairs until a few days ago.

She at once insisted that I arrange for you to spend Christmas with us. On learning that you have been ill, your Aunt instructed me to arrange for you to come to us without waiting for the holidays to begin.

I have attended to all of the necessary details, and the Principal will see that you are put on the right train, and your fare paid. You will leave there the morning of Friday 17th, and will arrive here that evening. Some one will meet you to see to your luggage, and escort you to my home.

Please remember that you visit us at your Aunt's request, and not mine, and keep out of my way as much as possible.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN J. GORDON.

P. S. I didn't tell my wife that you have a twin brother, as I dislike children extremely, boys especially. I hope that you will not tell her either, because she will insist that I have him here too, and that would be more than I could stand, since he is sure to remember his father, whom I detested. I really can't remember how old you are, but I told your Aunt that you cannot be over twelve.



And now, brother mine, with the red-haired temper and the pugnacious jaw, what do you think of that? Isn't that a truly sweet situation? A joyous Christmas I'll probably have, ordered about like that by the old tyrant! Couldn't be over twelve! And I was eighteen two months ago. Never mind! I'll show him who he's guardianing, in an orphan asylum and boarding school, and never showing his face to!

Friday night, a meek-looking little girl with hilarious red curls, and spluttering gray eyes, will arrive at Old Oaks Manor (pokey place probably), and things will commence to happen. All the girls are helping me, and by means of life-sized boxes of candy we are getting quite a childishly suitable wardrobe, borrowed from the children in the Introductory rooms.

Thank goodness, I'm very small, so I'll look childish enough. As I've got to pack tonight, I must stop.

As usual, your twin,

RAY.



OLD OAKS MANOR,
Old Oaks Station, N. Y.,
December 19th, 1916.

My dear Dan,

Well, I'm here, or would you call it there? Any way, I'm at Old Oaks Manor, and I'm having a right good time, but Great-Uncle said—I'll begin where I left off, and tell you all about it. The girls all helped me, so I was well packed early Thursday night. And it bothered me right much how grown-up *me* was going to start off on the train, under the prim nose of the Principal, in a dear little black velvet poke bonnet and coat, red curls, a-little-below-

knee skirts, and square-toed, white button shoes. But Betty Jackson (bless her heart!) came and pulled me out of that kettle of hot water before I fell into it. She suggested that I go to Mademoiselle, who of course is our French teacher. She is a little duck of a teacher, young and very romantic. She fell in love with the plot, and my costume, and offered to ask the Principal for the "pre-vil-e-e-e-ge" of seeing me safely on the train. As M. is a responsible person, and the Principal is busy, she was thankful enough to permit M. to do it. We finally settled *me* and my belongings on the train, I with a very exciting detective story, which you, by the way, may have if you want it, a box of candy, and a bunch of real yellow rosebuds (think of it!); with my ticket and a list of type-written instructions which the Uncle sent, in my bag.

I arrived safely, after a pleasant journey, and a short stop-over, with my curls childishly disarranged, and a very effective bit of soot on the end of my nose. I was met at the end of my journey by a high, old-fashioned carriage, a very pompous coachman who condescended to see to my luggage, and the dearest little lady I have ever seen. She is small and plump, with silvery hair, and a delicate complexion. She wears soft grays and lavenders; in short, she is an ideal Great-Aunt.

We drove about a mile from the station and came to an imposing gate in a bristling brick-and-iron fence. After persuading its stiff hinges that we were worthy, it permitted us to enter the lawn, which contains some of the most magnificent oak trees I ever saw, and quantities of rare shrubs. The house is too imposingly stately outside and in for me to describe. I was taken upstairs by a kinky-haired chocolate drop, about my own (supposed) age. She is the youngest grand-daughter of Aunt Anna's old mammy, who came with Auntie when she married, and came North to live.

But after dinner the fun began. The Uncle summoned me to his study (a gloomy lair, with handsome furnishings), and proceeded to tell me that he believed that children should be seen and not heard, etc., and all that sort of thing. I told him that I was sorry, but I was not always quite as good as I looked, but I would try not to make very much noise. I escaped as soon as possible.

I don't believe I have told you what the unknown one looks like, so I will now. He is a thin old man, not the least imposing thing about the place. He is almost bald, has "hard-boiled" blue eyes, an over-fed complexion, and gray, fierce, side-whiskers, and a domineering manner. But I believe I'll like the old chap after I get a bit of the starch out of him.

When I escaped, I hunted up Jemima, my afore-mentioned kinky-head, stilled her fears, and we proceeded out of the house,

she with a wheezy old mouth-organ, and I with my comb. We took our stand under the study window, and I'll say for the fuss we made that Gabriel ought to get us to help wake the dead. Of course by the time Uncle could get the window open, we were gone. I'm keeping him on the verge of spontaneous combustion with such things as salt in the sugar bowl, red pepper on the library radiator, and clouds of at least four kinds of perfume (which he detests) on me when I go near him.

But Aunt Anna is certainly a lamb. She raves about my curls (which product of steel curlers are ruining my head when I try to sleep), and she says, "Your hair is lovely," and "makes me think of mine, which people said was wonderful many years ago, my dear."

The other day she said to me, "All your little ways are so much like your dear mother's, child. If your Uncle could only forgive the dead, I know he would love you, for he just worshiped your mother before she married."

But, Dan Gordon Allen, your red-headed sister must stop, and array herself for dinner in a little white gown, a huge pale yellow hair bow and sash.

So as ever, your twin,

RAY.



OLD OAKS MANOR, and all the rest,

December 27.

Dearest Betty Jackson,

Please don't think I've forgotten you entirely, for I haven't. You'll remember, if you try, that I wrote you all about my exciting experiences. But the last three days certainly do "put the lid on the situation." As I have a great deal to write and only a small amount more paper to write it on, I'll begin at once.

The morning of the 23rd, Thursday, I believe, Aunt Anna said at breakfast, which we ate alone, "My dear, after breakfast I'm going upstairs to look over your wardrobe, to see if you have everything that is necessary for the holidays. Please don't protest, dear child, for I would love to buy for you anything that you need." Well, what could I do but let her amuse herself? Besides it was *not* MY cat, and if it got out of the bag it would be only another uncomfortable situation for the Uncle.

I certainly have shaken that man's sixty-five-years-old comfort. And all the time I am just as innocent as an English sparrow and

just as sorry when something unpleasant (for him) happens, as if I hadn't lain awake the night before planning it.

Well, to shorten a long story, I slipped off and left Auntie in possession. When I returned after a glorious morning's coasting with Jemima, I found Auntie in such a dazed state that she could scarcely ask me the questions that seemed morally necessary, namely: Why did I have two sets of clothes in my trunk? Whose grown-up things were those, any way? What man's picture was I carrying around in my belongings? There was nothing to do but 'fess up to it all. So I did it. And she was game all the way through. When I proposed a grand finale to our little farce, she entered into it with the enthusiasm of a girl.

As Uncle was away for that day and the next, that left us nothing to do but get ready for Christmas. We went shopping in the afternoon, and I have the loveliest clothes St. Dennis ever saw,—Christmas presents from Auntie. We bought greens, and Jemima and I decorated the whole house, while Auntie and Jemima's mammy cooked all sorts of goodies known to the mouth. Auntie had sent baskets full of good things to all of the poor people around us, so we knew no one near us was in want over Christmas.

Soon after Uncle came home Christmas Eve he was told that there were visitors in the library to see him. He stalked grimly in (poor man, he was tired), and stared. Yes, I believe he even opened his mouth to see better! Auntie, who was fluttering with excitement, said, "John, they are dear—" But Uncle cut her short with, "Yes, my dear, I know them!" "Miss, what have you grown up over-night for? Young fellow, why don't you grin like your father? And, you, young lady, come here and kiss me like your mother used to."

"Well, we all hung up our stockings that night and had more fun emptying them out again next morning. Way down in the bottom of mine I found a lovely, tiny locket, that had been my mother's. That duck of an Uncle has worn it on his watch chain all these years. After breakfast Dan and Jemima, Uncle and I had the jolliest snowball fight imaginable. Then Auntie took us to church. We had the best Christmas dinner ever cooked, and then more fun of all kinds.

That night after we lighted the candles on our tree and had the servants in to see it, Uncle called Dan and me to him and pulled us both down on his knees, and—wonder of wonders—he apologized for ignoring us all these years. "And it was you, Miss, with your hoyden ways just like your mother, who opened my eyes! And now," he went on, "you must place part of your bank account (didn't know you had one, did you? pinching me) at the disposal

of your orphanage if you want peace with me." A little later he said, "I don't see yet why you try to act so grown-up, for to save my life I don't believe you are over twelve." Dan, Jemima and I serenaded them, and not with a comb and mouth-organ either.

And, Betty, don't you think people like mine are the nicest Christmas present a girl could have?

Yours for uncles,

RAY.



Christmas Thoughts

By High School Students

Christmas is the birthday of Christ, therefore let it be a time of joy, gladness, giving and thanksgiving.

Kathryn Sharpe.



The happier we make others at Christmas the happier we are ourselves.

Maurice Emmart.



There never was so hard a year,
For Christmas to come with good cheer.

Clyde Crutchfield.



Christmas, the happiest day of all the year, could be made this year more joyful than ever by giving freely and willingly to those sacrificing their lives for the cause of Liberty.

Luna Ambler.



Let us all join together and help the little orphan negroes' Santa Claus to come and make this Christmas as happy as ours. We ought to do much for other folks because it is Christ's birthday.

Marvis Burchette.



We should do our best to cheer up the "Sammies" who are "somewhere in France" this Christmas.

Ralph Spaugh.

Although this is such a Christmas as none of us has ever known, still let us make it a *real* Christmas in spirit, by each one doing her part.

Ruth Tatum.



We can make *our* Christmas a happier one by helping to brighten *another's*.

Viola Still.



On the birthday of the "Prince of Peace" we are in arms against the "Destroyer of Peace."

Spurgeon Eaton.



This year I think Christmas is going to have more the meaning that it should have; usually we just think of receiving gifts and of having a good time, but this year I don't think it is going to be that way.

Miriam Efrid.



While giving so many nice presents to our friends and to the soldiers at Christmas, we must not forget the people in our own midst who cannot even afford a good meal.

Charles Kirk.



Join in, donate your Christmas wish;
If it is just a word of cheer
It will brighten some soul a bit
And make the world less drear.

Lucy Jewett.



You will be happy yourself by trying to make others less fortunate than you happy during Christmas. .

Annie Poe.



The people in Europe won't have much Christmas this year. They will hardly have enough to eat and very little warmth. We who are fortunate should share our Christmas with these people.

Ralph Marler.

Let us pray Christmas will bring what it stands for, "Peace on earth".

Otis Beeson.



Christmas is the happiest day in all the year,
It is welcomed by every one far and near.
We are happy because our school work is done,
Now that it is Christmas, we're going to have fun.

Margaret Speas.



We should make Christmas a day of Thanksgiving and thank God for the blessed Christ-child who came to save the world.

Leah Willis.



Every one should be more happy this Christmas than ever, and more unselfish too, because we are so much better off than the people in Europe.

Ruby Sapp.



A thought for Christmas that occurred to me,
Is to help the boys across the sea.

Margaret Stockton.



Compare Christmas this year with Christmas last year;—don't you think you can do lots more and get more real happiness out of what you do, than you got out of what you did last year?

William Shepherd.



Whether we are "Over There" or "Over Here" it is our duty to see that the old world never witnesses another Christmas as it is going to this year.

Mebane E. Turner.

Christmas is almost here,
We are so glad to hear,
For it is the most beautiful
Time of all the year;
And we should make all
The world happy with cheers.

Juanita Hartley.



Not until this year have I fully realized the pleasure of giving
and thought how much more I wished to do this Christmas than I
have ever done before to make others happy.

Lucia Wilkinson.



The best thought I know of for Christmas is to think that you
have made some others happy by giving them something.

Pauline Weisner.



Although the world is full of strife and war,
Let us still remember what Christmas is for.

Frank Lawrence.



We've often heard people say that it's wrong to tell children
that there is a Santa Claus. "Because", they say, "it is not true and
honest." But I say there is,—

The love of children, the love of giving,
That deep in the heart, makes the heart sing;
The Christmas spirit; the Lord that's living;
These are what make up the Santa Claus thing.

Annie Mary Cantrell.



Let us be of good cheer and share our Christmas with those
that are less fortunate than we.

Earl Beaudry.



Christmas fills us all with good cheer,
Whether in France or over here.

John Dodson.

The Spirit of the Time

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I am not going to ask much this time for I know the soldiers in Urope must have lots of things. But Santa, if you can not bring anything else please bring me a set for Grandma's ring Mama gave me. It is so old and pretty and I think its a shame it has to go without a set, dont you? So please bring me this and oblige.

MARION CALDSLEY.

Dear Mister Santa Clause:

Dear Sir,

I no you'll be awful busy over in the trenches this year so I wont ask you for anything much. You might leave me a drum and a football and a glove and a sled if you've got time. But Mr. Clause, if you cant leave me anything else please put a rubber tire in my stockin for my trycycle. I dont want a new trycycle, cause you see the one Ive got, its—well its a good old rider anyway.

JOHN PAUL CALDSLEY, JR.

P. S.—If the tire wont go in my stockin put it up on the mantel.

J. P. C.



The black-haired head was slowly raised until it was above the thick coverlets and a voice softly called through the darkness, "Marion!"

The curly head was raised with an inquiring air from the bed opposite and a clear voice answered,

"What you want?"

"Did you mean it, Marion?"

"Mean what?" There was an assumed indifference in the voice that entirely escaped the occupant of the other bed.

"What you wrote in school today."

"Yes. It's so pretty, and you know Mama said Grandma loved it so much."

"Mean it?"

"Cross my heart," solemnly. "Why? You?"

"Uh-huh." The black-haired head dropped upon the pillows. Evidently the "why" was not considered worthy of an answer.

For just about a minute the black-haired head remained stationary on the pillows, and then it commenced a rolling and

tumbling that in itself would have been most alarming to a mother. But in fact there was nothing seriously wrong with Paul save that several urgent thoughts were chasing themselves across his young brain and they kept him so busy that his only relief was in the physical action. The beginning had been when his head first touched the pillows that night, when his brain had yielded to the magic influence of that witching hour that comes just before sleep. So far, one result was the questions he had asked Marion; the other immediate one was the thoughts that kept him awake now. That Marion really meant what she had written he was sure, when he thought of it, for he had often seen her holding the ring out before her and turning it in every direction, evidently admiring the setting that was not there. And every time he had observed her thus she had turned away with a sigh. There was one point settled: she really wanted a setting and wanted it more than anything else at the time. Next his brain marshalled up everything Marion had done for him and arrayed them in orderly form—that is until they became so multitudinous that they overloaded it with their numbers. But when he came to the things he had done for Marion his brain was employed altogether in research work, and research work that was wholly unprofitable—his acts for the benefit of Marion, save occasional aid with difficult arithmetic, were, numerically, zero. For all those things she had done for him, some of them small, it is true, but now looming large, he had made absolutely no return. It was hard to think of, but at any rate there was another point settled: he owed it to her. But there was another point that completely overshadowed the others, and one that kept his head tossing 'way into the night. In his letter he had said “—its a good old rider, anyway”, but that conveyed only a very small part of the love—there is no better word—he bore his “ol’ hoss,” as he called it. Of course he would have Jack for a companion; but then the thought came that he would not have that place for Jack to ride that he had fixed upon the axle. Many times he turned over this disturbing thought, but at length the superiority over anything feminine (he remembered the story Teacher had told of a mother’s sacrifice for her children) came to his aid, and he twisted until he had found the hollow he had at first burrowed in the mattress and went to sleep.

And all the time he was thinking, two bright eyes stared up at the ceiling from the bed across the room, though there was no movement of the curly head. Evidently thought was not such a physical effort with Marion.

Morning came, as all mornings will if we give them time, but strange enough it found Paul ready to get up when its first beams

struck the foot of his bed. And this was still stranger today, for Christmas holidays had started on yesterday. Paul discovered that for some reason or other he felt strangely elated over something, but for the life of him he could not place the source of his elation. He had mounted the banisters preparatory to sliding down them when suddenly, and for no apparent reason at all, he slid off and walked soberly down the steps. At breakfast he was unusually silent, but it went unnoticed by his parents. He ate with his eyes on his plate, and when he had finished rose quietly and slipped through the kitchen door.

Outside there greeted him a small shaggy dog, Jack by name. Jack's pedigree, were it to be traced back, would hardly have done that personage credit, but he suited Paul and Paul suited him, so there is no room for further argument about the matter. Jack, at present, was beside himself with joy for he had just finished one large piece of meat for his breakfast and had filed away one large bone for future reference, and, if he could tell by precedent, the appearance of Paul was the signal for a joyous romp over the yard. But in this last he was disappointed, for after patting him on the head Paul walked slowly toward the wood-house and sat down on the chopping-block. Jack curled up in a hole he had previously dug and for a while stared solemnly up at Paul's frowning face. Then his eyes closed by degrees and he quietly napped while Paul fought over again the battle he had thought finished. He was startled out of his sleep by Paul's exclamation, "We'll do it, won't we, Jackie?"

* * * * *

Christmas morning came. Before the sun had even risen above the horizon Paul had slipped out of bed and tiptoed across to Marion's bed. Shaking her he called her softly. She opened eyes that quickly banished the sleep in them when she realized what day it was. She slipped out of bed and together they crept out of the room and down the stairs. In the sitting-room a bright fire was burning, though they did not notice it. For above the crackling fire two stockings hung suspended, one on either side of the mantel. They were both filled to the brim, but a sparkle of burnished metal caught and held Paul's eyes and into the semi-gloom of his end of the mantel, with wondering eyes and trembling hands rolled a sparkling big bicycle. And when the light was turned on by some one he discovered with astounded eyes his old tricycle, resplendent in three new tires. On it was a tag with writing on it that Paul found difficult to read because of a suspicious

moisture that was gathering in his eyes. But at last he succeeded. It read,

"To the *man* who sold it for the setting."

And on the other side of the mantel tears were freely flowing down Marion's cheeks as she read the card that was attached to the ring that glowed and sparkled with a fine new diamond setting. It read,

"To the *woman* who sold it for the tire."

Just outside the door Mrs. Caldsley was frankly crying as her husband, blinking rapidly for some reason, bent over and kissed her gently.

CARL SINK, '18



A Belgian Christmas Story



It was Christmas Eve, and outside the snow was falling, while the wind howled dismally around the corners of the house and whistled down the chimney. The country roundabout had once been a prosperous farming region but since the Germans had marched through that part of the country, leaving ruin, destruction and death in their wake, the tilling of the soil had been abandoned and "Despair" seemed to be written across the landscape. But it can readily be seen that this is not the attitude assumed by the people of the stricken country by looking at the little group huddled around the tiny fire in the little house that had, at one time, sheltered a happy household.

The meager supper was over and the mother, upon whose face were lines of care and sorrow, gathered her three children around her and began to tell the old, old story, which at the same time is always new, of the birth of the Christ-child in Bethlehem hundreds of years ago.

"Murver," asked the smallest child, a little girl of three years, named Antoinette, "did the little Christ-child sure enough sleep in a stable with the moo-cows and the little sheepies?"

The mother smiled into the eager little face, but before she could speak the baby's little brother Jean, one of whose arms had been cut off by the cruel Germans, broke in, "Why, of course he was, 'Toinette. Didn't mother just say so? And when he grew up he could do the most wonderfulest things! Why he could even

put back my arm or bring back our daddy! Couldn't he, Marie?" he appealed to his older sister.

Marie did not answer immediately, but sat looking at the fire; finally she answered, in a tone as if she had been debating the question with herself, "Uh-huh, I *know* he could." Then, "Mother," she questioned, turning quickly to her mother, "what do you suppose has happened to daddy?"

The mother who had been quietly listening said, "Dear, you know as much as I do about that. I only know that he was taken by the Germans and made to fight in the Imperial Army. I pray that he is safe and that we will get to see him once more. It would be the happiest Christmas of my life if he could be with us tonight." Tears filled her eyes so that she could not speak.

Jean broke the silence that followed with, "Mother, wouldn't it be dandy if we could have some candy this Christmas?"

"What ith tandy?" lisped the baby.

"Why, 'Toinette, that's something better than anything you've ever tasted in your life. It's just as sweet as—oh, nothing you ever tasted, and they make it in all kinds of shapes and colors. Mother, do you suppose we'll ever have any more?"

"Perhaps, my child, but still we should be thankful that we are able to live. If it was not for the kindness of the American people I fear we should starve."

"O, I bets they has tandy e'vy day," cried 'Toinette.

"I wish they'd send me some. Next to having my father home I'd rather have candy than anyhting else in the world! Marie, what do you wish?"

"I wish we were happy like we used to be. 'Toinette, it's your turn. What do you wish, sweetheart?"

"I'se wants some tandy, too, I does," announced the little tot.

"Mother, it's your go. You haven't wished yet." said Jean.

"You have wished all that I could wish, except I wish the kind French, English and American people could know how much we thank them. But come! It is time for you to go to bed. The fire is low and we cannot have any more tonight. Say your prayers and go at once."

As she finished speaking a noise was heard outside and then a loud knock at the door. The frightened children hid behind their mother as she opened the door, to be enfolded in the embrace of a snow-covered figure wrapped in a huge army cape. It took them several minutes to realize that their loved one was once more safe at home.

The fire was rekindled and with his children on his knees and his wife beside him he told how he had been taken prisoner by the Allies in the great drive on the western front, the drive which broke the Hindenburg lines. As he was a Belgian and had been forced to fight he had been released and had come home to spend Christmas with his family before entering the army of the Allies.

"And, children, what do you suppose I have for you?"

"Do tell us, daddy, please do," they shouted.

He produced a big box and handed it to them. They opened the box and seeing the contents shouted in unison, "Candy!"

When they had quieted down he told them that it had come from America in a ship called "The Candy Ship" for the Belgian children. He also told them that the candy had been sent by the school children because the little Belgian children had had no candy for three years.

"So," he said, "as this will be the happiest Christmas we have ever spent let us give three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, the American Flag which in a large measure has given us so much joy."

Just before falling asleep a little later Jean called to Marie in an awed little voice, "Say, Marie, didn't the Christ-child do a wonderful thing! He sent us back our daddy and put it in the hearts of the American school children to send us the candy."

And the father hearing him answered in the words of Tiny Tim, "Yes, my son, and may 'God bless us all'."

LUCILE NICHOLS, '18

NELLY SHARPE, '19




Rejoice!

Christmas brings joy to young and old,
When the fire burns bright and the days are cold,
When Santa in his sleigh goes by,
Under the darkened midnight sky.

When all proclaim, and all rejoice,
When rich and poor sing with one voice,
Oh! Christ is born in Bethlehem,
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice, ye men!

NETTIE ALLEN THOMAS, '20

The Christmas Lady

P the cold, lonely street blithely skipped a ragged little urchin. The dreary weather did not affect him and he whistled cheerily as he skipped along. For today was Christmas Eve—great longed-for tomorrow was Christmas and he would go to the Charity Hall to see the jolly Santa Claus. He would get some candy and perhaps a tin whistle and hear again the wonderful story of the Christ-child.

Thus Bobby's thoughts were happy and the cold wind did not hurt him. Suddenly he stopped in front of a large, gloomy house. No life seemed anywhere around and the only noise was the moaning of the wind through the barren trees. Out of the back chimney, barely discernible, rose a thin column of smoke. But this only added to the picture of desertion.

"Why, who could live there? I don't reckon they will know it is Christmas Eve. I believe"—here he paused irresolutely—"yes, I will. I'll go tell them so."

So he ran lightly up the gravel walk and rang the bell. No one answered at first. Again he rang. He was rewarded by hearing a door slam in the back of the house and slow footsteps approach. The door opened and there stood a large man, his black hair glistening and his dark eyes squinting at the sudden light. Bobby's courage deserted him and he could only look at him.

"What do you want, boy?" gruffly inquired the man.

"Why-why-sir,—” stammered the frightened child.

"Out with it! Do you think I want to freeze?"

"Well, sir, I didn't think you knew it was Christmas, so I just thought I'd tell you and wish you a merry one."

The man's face was a puzzle. First anger, then sorrow, and last a hard, stern look came into his eyes.

"I did not know it was Christmas and I don't thank you for telling me. It was none of your business," sharply answered the man and prepared to shut the door in the boy's face.

"Oh, please, don't go now. Please let me tell you. I know you can't know about Santa Claus or you would be so glad it was Christmas." And in his childish way Bobby hurriedly began to tell all about the Charity-Hall Christmas. He hardly paused for breath. The man at first impatiently waited for him to finish, but soon the child's enthusiasm caught him and he found himself listening to the pitiful tale which seemed so wonderful to little Bobby.

"And so, sir," ended the child, "I thought you didn't know about Santa Claus nor about the big hall, where the Christmas Lady gives us candy—"

"The Christmas Lady? Who is she?"

"Oh, she's the beautifullest lady what always makes the Christmas Tree for us chaps and she gives us oranges and candy and a present for everyone of us. I tell you what, Mr. Man, I'll take you with me tomorrow and if there ain't enough goodies to go around, I'll give you some of mine."

The eagerness of the child won the man over. "All right, sonny," he said, "you come along and I'll go with you to see the Christmas Lady."

Bright and early the next morning Bobby was on hand. All the way to the hall he chattered gaily, but the man only answered absent-mindedly.

When they arrived at the big Charity Hall, dozens of bright-faced, hungry-looking little children were already there. Bobby was evidently a favorite, for one after another of the children came to show him his toy.

"See what the Christmas Lady give me," cried one.

"And me."

"And me."

"Where is the Christmas Lady?" asked the man.

"Yonder!" a dozen dirty little fingers pointed to a table overflowing with baskets and packages, where sat a beautiful lady—tall and stately.

John Hunter stopped,—reddened, then suddenly paled.

The lady looking up started forward with a half-exclamation. Then quickly gaining her composure, she rose and graciously extended her hand.

"How are you, John? Merry Christmas!"

"Alice! I did not know you were on this side of the Atlantic. And still at your work?"

"Yes, John, I've been back three years. I saw how much I could really do, so I'm still here. But—" she hesitated.

"I know what you are going to say. I'm as much surprised as you. But little Bobby brought me here."

"Little Bobby! Oh, John! he's such a sweet child and so bright. If only I could give him a chance."

"Alice, give *me* a chance! I knew I was in the wrong. Little Bobby and three years of loneliness have taught me my lesson."

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hunter found a way in which to help Bobby, and now he attends the best school and signs his name Bobby Hunter. It is his custom to wish everyone he sees "Merry Christmas", although he says no one can make him happier than he is.

MIRIAM VAUGHN, '18



A Sonnet on Christmas

The Spirit of Christmas is ev'rywhere
Filling all hearts with joy and gladness,
Destroying all thoughts of any sadness,
Banishing trouble and lightening care.
Christmas is the time of love and giving,
Of mysteries, and surprises, full many.
Greetings of Christmas are found in plenty
Bringing good cheer to everyone living.

On a Christmas Day was the Christ-child born
And the angel chorus in early morn
Sang clearly, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
And so from that time the message which then
Came down from the sky, hath spread on and on
Till now from our hearts 'twill never be gone.

ABIGAIL ROAN, '18
MARY HOLLAND, '18

The Black and Gold

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Editorial



WHEN I was a very little girl mother read a book to me called "Princess Hilda" which made a lasting impression on my mind. It was a fairy story, but I called it "Carrying Coal to Newcastle," and that is the name by which I remember it now. It may seem strange to call a fairy story by this name, but the thought of the book was the useless giving of Christmas gifts.

Every year when people are preparing Christmas gifts for people for whom they care nothing, I think of the little fairy story, and the thought comes to my mind that most of the Christmas giving is a farce. People shop and work until they are on the verge of a nervous breakdown when Christmas is over, and all because they think someone will give them a present and they must give one in

return. There is no love sent with most of the gifts and to a great many people it is a relief when Christmas is over.

But not until this year did I realize the full significance of "carrying coal to Newcastle." This year when the nations of the world are at war can we go on as usual and give our Christmas presents? This year when our soldiers are in the trenches fighting for *our* cause can we feel justified in spending our time making Christmas presents that people do not appreciate? Could you enjoy your Christmas, knowing that little Belgian, French, Syrian and Jewish children, and little children even in some of our cities, were starving?

Let us think of these things while we are making our Christmas preparations and try to give to people who really need and appreciate our gifts instead of "carrying coal to Newcastle". Let us think what Christmas actually means to us, and try to make the one this year a day that would be pleasing in the sight of Him who came to bring "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

L. N.



THE practice of giving and receiving Christmas gifts with the proper Christmas spirit is one of the many beauties of our Christian land, but there comes a time when even beauty may be turned to a profitable use. We, in our school years, have never before experienced the feelings of war, nor do we now realize the full import of our war with the destroyers of civilization. All the struggle is so far away from us; we do not feel the influence of its devastation of property and human lives; some of our friends or relatives are gone, but to us it is but a temporary disarrangement of the diplomatic relations of several nations, our own included. In short, we do not realize that on the firing line in Europe are thousands of our countrymen who are daily and hourly risking their lives that we may not feel the crushing heel of despotism. They are there for our sakes, leaving and breaking every home tie for our safety. It is true that they are fed and clothed with all abundancy, but in those clothes, in the food they eat, there is not that trade-mark that makes the heart glad as well as the physical body—that "homey" feeling that assures the wearer that those at home care for his welfare and are willing to make sacrifices that he may be comfortable. Let this, then, serve as a reminder, and before we send that package to a friend that we know will not lower his estimation of us because of not receiving the gift, let us consider seriously the greater good it will do "over there" in the hands of one who is ready to give his life for our safety.

E. C. S.

School News

Abigail Roan, '18, Mary Shepherd, '18, Nelly Sharpe, '19
Nancy Stockton, '20, John F. Blair, '20

The Thursday-morning chapel exercises have been very enjoyable and interesting this year. A certain grade has them in charge every Thursday and great interest seems to be manifested in them for they are not only enjoyable but helpful. First, of course, the Senior Class entertained. Their program was a musical one, with the guitars taking a prominent part. Then came the Tenth Grade boys next in order, their program being a witty one. Several humorous selections were read and a number of yells given, one for the football team, which was going to play Greensboro the next day; and one by the Junior girls for the Junior boys. One of the most helpful as well as the most enjoyable program that has been rendered was the next one by the Tenth Grade girls. It was about famous pictures, and these pictures were not only shown but explained by different members of the class. Both the Ninth Grade boys and girls gave miscellaneous programs consisting of recitations, songs and patriotic selections.



Mr. White was very fortunate in securing Mr. Clapp, Director of Centenary Choir, to teach singing to the student-body once a week. His kindness is greatly appreciated and the singing has improved noticeably.



A very attractive program was rendered by the McIver Literary Society on Hallowe'en. The chapel was decorated for the occasion and with the drawn shades it made a fit setting for the "Ghost Carnival", which was the chief feature of the afternoon's program. This was followed by an interesting story by Annie Mary Cantrell.



The Society intends to give a play in the near future, the proceeds of which are to be donated to some charitable institution.



The soldiers in France will not be forgotten Christmas, so far as old W.-S. H. S. is concerned. Last week the Senior Domestic Science Class baked twenty-two fruit cakes to be sent to the boys "somewhere in France."

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WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Among the several receptions given during the fall, the most enjoyable one proved to be the Junior-Senior reception. At the appointed hour, on Hallowe'en night, all Juniors and Seniors assembled. Each was masked, and that fact alone added more mystery to the many other mysteries so cleverly prepared by the hosts. Fun and gayety ruled throughout the evening. The Hallowe'en spirit was carried in many different ways. Attractive entertainment was provided with gypsy fortune tellers, the mock-wedding, progressive conversation, and various other feats. Delicious refreshments were served, and each guest went home satisfied with having spent a true Hallowe'en.



The students of the High School showed their patriotism by the way they bought bonds in the second Liberty Loan. The boys of Ninth A1 started the ball rolling with a \$50 bond to be turned over to the High School. Then the Eleventh Grade took a \$100 bond, and the girls of the Domestic Science Department \$100. The Tenth Grade of boys also took a \$100 bond for the Athletic Association; and the Commercial students took a \$50 bond for the Commercial Department. This made a total subscription of \$400, not including individual subscriptions.



The chief feature of the Thanksgiving program was an address by Dr. Rondthaler of Salem College. In emphasizing the dangers of our forefathers he told us of an old stone house about nine miles from here, near Friedburg Church, built during the days of the Red Man. This old two-story home was built over a spring so that fresh water could be secured, even if the Indians were lurking in the nearby forests. There was also room for the domestic animals to be kept in the basement and enough food supplies could be stored here for several months. Another characteristic of the building was the loop-holes in each corner. This old relic symbolizes the hardships of our forefathers and it is hoped that this house—over a hundred years old—will be purchased by the city.



The Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, under its new plan of non-compulsory attendance, is making great headway under the able direction of Mr. Crumpton, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Wright, selected honorary critics. At present preparations are being made for the selection of speakers to enter the High School Debate which is to

be held the last of January. From the importance of the work it is not creditable to the boys of the High School that the Society has so few members, and it is urged that everyone who possibly can become a member in the near future.



Personals

*Ruth Hauser, '18, Lucia Wilkinson, '18, Francis Thames, '19,
Ruth Houchins, '19*

Edith Leigh, '17, is stenographer at Hanes Knitting Mill.

Lou Hahn, a member of this year's Junior Class, has moved to Norfolk, Va.

Robert Frye, Percy Powell and Noel Holland of '17 are attending Chapel Hill this year.

Joseph Cook, '16, in addition to his duties as a Sophomore at the State University, is Assistant Librarian.

Jacqueline Taylor, '16, has resumed his studies as a Sophomore at Davidson College.

Forrest Reeves, formerly of the class of '19, has a splendid position at the Southern freight depot.

Basset Taylor has joined the Drum and Trumpet Corps of the U. S. Marines and is stationed at Paris Island, S. C.

Stanley Richardson, who enlisted in the Navy on the U. S. S. "Courtney", is stationed "Somewhere in France".

Louise Maddrey, '13, who graduated from the State Normal and Industrial College last year, is teaching at East Winston School.

James Conrad, '17, has a position in the knitting department of the P. H. Hanes Knitting Co.

Archie Gray Allen, '17, has a position with James S. Dunn real estate agency.

Humphrey Padgett has joined the U. S. Marines and is stationed at the Navy Yard, New York City.

Paul C. Walker is in the Aviation Corps and is stationed in New York.

Frances Wollschlager of '17 is doing stenographic work this year for Mr. Harry Frober.

One of the boys, Glenn Wimbish, who went to the High School several years ago, enlisted in the Marine Corps of our country al-

most at the outbreak of the war. Since then he has done some rather distinguished work and is now in France.

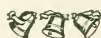
All of Tom Wilson's ('16) friends will be glad to know that he is getting along nicely at Saranac.

Phin Horton of '17 is attending the Severn School in Maryland. His school is preparatory to Annapolis.

On November the twenty-first, Cornelia Taylor of the class of '12 was married to Mr. Ralph Long of Graham, N. C.

Estelle Hampton and Hollis Pfaff have stopped school on account of their health. We hope that they will soon be able to resume their studies.

Stokes Lott, who left our High School in 1916 to enter Davidson College, is now working at the Du Pont Plant, Carney's Point, N. J. In an interesting letter to Mr. White he encloses one dollar for *THE BLACK AND GOLD*. "If you ever have any boys," he writes, "who have got a mistaken idea of the advantage in stopping school and going to work, send them up here and I'll get them jobs which will pay them more than they ever had an idea of making, and guarantee they'll all come back in three months."



Just For Fun

By Mary Holland, '18, Miriam Vaughn, '18, Annie Mary Cantrell, '18, Robert Jewett, '19

Mr. Wright to J. A. Vance, Jr., in Algebra class: "J. aren't you going to pay attention to this recitation?"

J. (just as some one knocks his ink bottle from his desk): "Yes, sir, but the boys keep knocking my milk bottle off the desk."

K. M. to V. S.: "Some days R. H. looks almost bald-headed."
V. S.: "Well, no wonder, he's had two years of Geometry."

Bright Junior: "Mr. Crumpton, how long did the Hundred Years War last?"

Miss Mary: "Where has Beeson been the last few days?"
E. B.: "He's been absent."

Miss Miller in History: "What place did Jackson capture just before the Battle of New Orleans?"

M. E.: "Why-ah-ah—I know, Pepsicola."

Miss Mahaffy, dramatically:

All the folks are dead who wrote it,
All the folks are dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death! They surely earn it."

Seniors, tragically: "Amen!"

WANTED—To know what Carl S. meant by "Oh, just because."
Miriam V.

Christmas-time, 'tis almost here,
The happiest time of all the year,
The children love it, honest and true,
I love it, you love it, all people do.
'Tis the birth of the Christ who loves us all,
And that is why, when the sleigh bells call,
We feel like helping every one,
And then we have just lots of fun.

HELEN HENLEY.

Miss Mary: "Now, girls, you may have a study period. Get out your English and let's have a little review of your back lessons."



A 'POSSUM HUNT

If you happen to be one of those unfortunate beings who have never had the pleasure of going 'possum huntin' you cannot comprehend the joy and excitement of being ruthlessly aroused out of slumber on a cold, dreary morning and told to dress as fast as you could. If you are like I am, you will throw on anything you happen to see. In my case it was a pair of white shoes.

Rushing downstairs, not stopping for breakfast, you jerk up your coat and run, for you don't want to be left out of the fun. High up in the top of an old tree Mr. 'Possum is taking his morning beauty sleep, not dreaming that he will soon be in the pot. If you were jabbed with a long stick while you were peacefully sleeping, I suppose you would be as mad as Mr. 'Possum was. The excitement which went on under Mr. 'Possum's tree cannot be justly described. One ran for a bag, one ran for a large stick.

"Mr. 'Possum," says Sam, the colored man, "I done 'lowed you gwine to come down outn that tree, and you mout jest as well come on, caise we's gwine to hab 'possum pie fer Thanksgiving." So saying, the poor 'possum was jabbed and punched until at last

he was brought to earth. After quite a race to catch him, he was safely deposited in the bag, and I scampered over the fence to a hot breakfast, for you must know that the 'possum hunt took place in my next-door neighbor's backyard.

NETTIE ALLEN THOMAS, '20

Mr. Crumpton (speaking to students who were answering out while John Dodson was reciting: "Be quiet, I haven't called on anybody yet.")

M. Shepherd, after a vain hunt for her Lamb's Essays of Elia: "Has anybody seen my Lamb?"

C. S.: "Why, Mary, you're a Shepherd, looks like you would keep up with your Lamb."

Mr. Wright: "Define exchequer."

Paul L.: "A retired checker."

Miss Mary to Eleventh Grade: "You may write with pen or ink."

Miss Beavers: "Alva, what is the side opposite the right angle called?"

Alva G.: "The Hatty poty mous."

Intricacies of the English Language—First Darkey: "You ain't got no aigs?"

Second Darkey: "I ain't said I ain't, is I?"

First Darkey: "I ain't ax you ain't you got no aigs, I ax you is you got no aigs."—*Exchange*.

First Flea: "Been on a vacation?"

Second Flea: "Nope, been on a tramp."—*Exchange*.

Johnny Reads the War News—"What is a counter attack, Pa?"
"When your mother goes shopping, Johnny."—*Exchange*.

Where the birds soar, there soar I;
In my monoplane's hull I lie;
There I crouch when winds do sigh:
Up in the wonderful blue sky;
After adventure I steer my flight;
Up where no Fords dispute my right.

ROBERT LAMBERTSON.

H. H.: "Miss V., doesn't 'niche' mean to have recess in the school building on rainy days?"

Miss V.: "Why, Helen, I never heard it used that way. What made you think so?"

H. H.: "Because the dictionary says 'niche means a recess in the wall'."

WANTED—To know why all the girls are so fond of Mr. Wright.
L. H. E.

Agatha M.: "Helen, what is your favorite fruit?"

Helen: "O, (r) Asberry."

FOUND—Why O. B. W., when asked her favorite color, immediately responds "red".

"She's a good French scholar, isn't she?"

"Splendid! She can make herself understood all over the United States."—*Exchange*.

Miss Miller: "How long did Henry II reign?"

Nellie S.: "About 300 years, I think."

Warning to Mr. White:

Prepare to buy new scales after weighing A. M. C. (reason,
140 lbs. avoirdupois).

Miss Mary: Did you say you weigh 250?

Despairing Senior: "What kind of a man would Lamb have liked?"

Bright Soph.: "I think a lamb would like any kind of a man who fed him a lot."

Miss Hunter: "Agatha, which is better for one, stewed or fried fruit?"

Agatha: "Stewed fruit, because the grease in fried fruit is so hard to indigest."

Why was Eve created?

For Adam's Express Company.—*Exchange*.

An old negro woman was standing by the grave of her husband; she shook her head and said mournfully, "Po' 'Rastus, I hope he's gone where I spec he ain't."—*Home Journal*.

Book Reviews

"Little Women", by Louisa Alcott, is my favorite story book. I have re-read it a number of times and each time enjoy it more. Of all the characters in this book I like "Jo" best. She is so life-like and seems more real to me than the others.

REBA RUSS.



I enjoyed "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" very much. It had a very odd plot and was somewhat different from any book I have ever read. It is interesting and one does not know what will be the outcome until he has read the last chapter which explains the whole plot.

KOYT NISSEN.



In the "Lady of the Lake" I found an interesting story of Scottish chiefs and a Scottish king. The beautiful descriptions of the Scottish mountains and the lake made Scotland seem a sort of fairyland to me, while the characters and their actions are so vivid that I almost seem to be living among them and actually seeing them.

LEAH WILLIS.



"The Jessamy Bride" by Moore.—This is a wonderful book! That is the only word that can really express it. You may read *about* your favorite great men and then read some more. You may talk *about* them and you can think *about* them. But where and when and how can you talk *to* them and hear them talk? In "The Jessamy Bride." Therein is its wonderfulness. When you finish it you have really been living among Dr. Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, that imp of a David Garrick, and Oliver Goldsmith. You have shaken hands with them, talked intimately with them and found their true characters. Once more I say "The Jessamy Bride" is a wonderful book!

ANNIE MARY CANTRELL.



"The Story of My Life" by Helen Keller.—I have just finished this book and have found it very interesting indeed. The thing that impressed me most was Helen Keller's determination to win in everything in spite of her great drawback. It is interesting, too, to notice how she learned to talk, word by word.

RUTH TATUM.

"In Old Virginia", by Thomas Nelson Page.—This book is a collection of short stories. I liked all of these very much, except "No Haid Pawnd", which, I hope, could not possibly happen. The book gives a good picture of wealthy people, the character and superstitions of the negroes, and the conditions during and after "De Waw". On the whole, I am glad that I read the book.

MARY HOLLAND.



"Old Curiosity Shop" by Charles Dickens.—"Old Curiosity Shop" is a splendid and touching story. Little Nell is a beautiful and delicate little creature, and just full of romance. So, likewise, is the poor schoolmaster and his favorite scholar, who wrote so good a hand with such a very little one. I think Dickens' comic humor never flowed in a pleasanter vein than in his "Old Curiosity Shop".

LILLIAN VIRGINIA WALL.



"Jane Eyre" by Charlotte Brontë.—I think that nearly every one agrees that this is a wonderful book. I certainly think so. While I was reading it I could scarcely put it down to eat or sleep. The book is written in such good English, and has such a very unusual plot, that there is not a dry word in the whole thing. When I finished it, I felt as if I had lived with its principal characters for years.

MARY HOLLAND.



"Les Miserables" by Victor Hugo.—This book reveals to us that there is a spark of divine spirit in every human soul; and it can be developed into some form of goodness which can never be overcome by evil. The hero developed this divine goodness by letting his light so shine that others might see his good works. In the end he received his reward and his thoughts were turned into golden deeds.

MARTHA LEWIS.



Exchanges

The "Davidson College Magazine": We congratulate you for editing such a splendid magazine. It is one of the most interesting college magazines that I have ever read. "Writing For the Magazine" and "Some Aspects of the Modern Drama" are very good. They show that both time and work have been spent in their prep-

aration. We are glad to see two of our Winston-Salem boys, Thames and Henry Lilly, are working for the magazine.

L. G. W.



The "Hillbilly" (Asheville, N. C.) was among the first magazines that we received this year. Although all departments in the magazine are good, the stories are the best. They are written well and are out of the ordinary.

LUCIA G. WILKINSON, '18.



The "Roman" (Rome, Ga.): Your magazine is well edited. The poems and jokes are very good. The cuts and the name of the magazine are appropriate and we enjoyed reading the paper thoroughly.

MIRIAM C. VAUGHN, '18.



Athletics

By George Tudor, '18, and Francis Thames, '19

October 31 found us playing our old rivals in Greensboro. After two touchdowns and a field goal by Dalton the game closed with the score 16 to 0 in our favor.

We met our first defeat on November 3 at the hands of the Guilford Scrubs, at Guilford College. Our team was greatly outweighed and the "Scrubs" had to work hard to get the touchdowns that defeated us. The score was 13 to 0 in favor of Guilford.

On November 10 the Greensboro team came into our camp to avenge their former defeat. A part of the game was slow, due to hot weather, but our fighting machine rolled up 24 points to their six and had the pigskin a foot from the goal when the game ended.

November 17, we met the heavy Spencer team, at Spencer, and defeated them 7 to 0. This game put us in the preliminaries for the State Championship.

November 30, Spencer played us in Winston. Although they outweighed us they could not stop our fast steam roller and our "fakes" quite bewildered them. A fast game was played by W.-S. and they defeated the visitors to the tune of 37 to 0.

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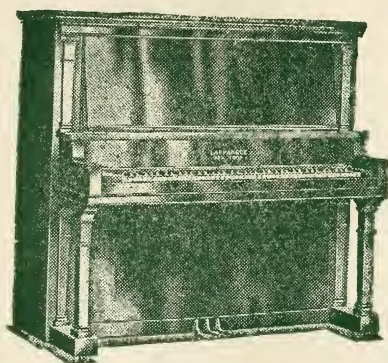
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